

Ending the Honeymoon

By TAYLOR WHITE.

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"And so you are your Uncle Dudley's heir?" cried Laura as Dan Fetter folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope. "Isn't that great?"

"It's not much of a fortune," explained Dan. "Just before the failure Uncle Dudley wrote that he had hoped to leave me a lot, but that he was afraid there was precious little left and that was going fast. Two weeks after that the failure came, and he shot himself. Poor Uncle Dud!"

"But there must be something," insisted Laura, "and we can look for the pirate's treasure."

"And lose what little there is left," suggested Dan. "That chart was all right to study over in the winter evenings, Laurie, but it's a different thing to sink money in a search for treasure buried 300 years ago off the Argentine coast."

"But this is real," suggested Laura, going to the desk and taking therefrom the well worn parchment which had furnished them amusement for so many long winter evenings. It was well preserved, and Dan could clearly trace the lines and written directions.

This paper had been handed down in the Kingsland family since one of the early Kingslands, a sailor in the British navy, had befriended a member of a pirate crew captured in the Spanish main. Just before the prisoner went to his execution he had slipped into the hand of his benefactor a roll of parchment which had come down through past generations, gaining in romance with each year.

Now the two poured over the old map with renewed interest since there was at least the possibility that they might have the means for prosecuting the search. Dan was inclined to be skeptical, but Laura would not have it so.

"It is a real treasure," she declared. "I know that it is real, and I will never forgive you, Dan, if you don't go after it. Think of the years we have been wishing that we had enough money to fit out an expedition! Now our chance has come, and you're laughing at the idea. You must go, Dan."

"We'll see what Uncle Dudley's fortune is," he temporized. "Wait until the estate can be settled."

It was not a long wait. Dudley Fetter had been forced into bankruptcy after a long career as a shipping merchant. The disappointment had so preyed upon his mind that he had killed himself, and the little old lawyer who was at once his counsel, receiver and executor soon disentangled the muddle. Dan found himself owner of a tramp steamer and some \$7,000 in money.

He was inclined to sell the steamer, but Laura would not hear of it. She was firm in her faith in the pirate's map, and she at last carried her point through, only after she had declared that she would break her engagement if Dan did not undertake the trip.

The captain of the Dudley was a weather beaten old man of fifty, whose shrewd eyes twinkled when the subject was broached to him.

"I never heard of 'em that far south," he declared; "but, Lord love ye, there's pirate's gold hidden from the north pole to the south—to hear 'em tell it. It's as likely to be there as anywhere."

"Will \$5,000 take us down and back?" demanded the cautious Dan. Captain Glass removed the pipe from his lips the better to smile.

"Down and back and down again," he asserted. "Anyway, you don't have to worry about getting back. We can easily get a load at Buenos Ayres or Rio to pay the cost of the up trip. It'll make a nice little sail for you, seeing as you've never been to sea. Why not make it a bridal tour? Brides bring luck to ships. Maybe with a bride we could find the gold."

"I know you will!" cried Laura, jumping up to plant a kiss on Dan's cheek. "We'll be married on board the Dudley before she sails."

The last argument was a clincher, and Dan gave in. Ten days later the men were called aft to witness a quiet wedding, and as the minister went over the side a noisy little tug, helped the Dudley get out into the stream and point her nose to the south.

It was a long, delightful honeymoon to these two, who had never seen the ocean until Dan had come to New York to claim his legacy. They had a day or two of seasickness, but this soon passed, and after that, as they slipped over the blue waters, Laura's confidence in the quest grew amazingly. Even Dan began to share her enthusiasm long before they had crossed the equator.

At last the course was altered, and the Dudley headed inland until the black, forbidding cliffs loomed darkly before them. It was no easy matter to pick their way through uncharted channels, but at last the steamer slipped into a little bay, and Captain Glass declared it to be the spot shown in the map.

Here the rocks did not come sharply down to the water's edge, but ran inland, forming a sheltered nook of some few hundred acres in extent. The two huge rocks which marked the entrance to the bay and a peak of the distant spur of the Andes formed their range marks, and as soon as they had put up tents on shore Dan, who had studied civil engineering, got out his transit and began to lay off the lines.

The cross marks fell near the base of

the cliff where the sides were more precipitous than elsewhere, and for two days the men from the steamer labored to clear away the underbrush.

"We shall have to dig deep," reminded Laura. "There must have been a heavy deposit of earth during the 300 years that have elapsed."

"We'll dig through to China if necessary," declared Dan as he watched the men work. In anticipation of the digging some laborers had been brought along, and for ten hours a day they took out the sandy loam. At the end of three weeks they had a huge hole in the ground, but there was no trace of treasure chests, and Dan and the captain began to lose faith, even though Laura grew more confident as the days progressed.

"We'll get it yet," she insisted. "Just keep digging and the honeymoon fortune hunters will sail back to New York with millions."

"I'll dig one more day," promised Dan, "and then we must be getting back. The provisions are getting low, and we are only losing time."

Laura pleaded, but Dan was firm, and that night she sobbed softly in the tent while as though in sympathy the heavens opened their floodgates and the rain poured down. It was the first rain of the season, and had it not been for Captain Glass' precaution in ditching the tents they must have been swept away by the flood that poured across the little strip of land.

It was a melancholy scene that greeted their eyes as the sun rose the next morning. The underbrush was washed away, and as they made a path to the excavation a cry burst from their lips. The water had undermined the banks, and in place of the hole was a sea of mud.

"That's the answer," said Dan grimly, as he pointed to the spot. "There's the work of six weeks gone for nothing."

"But look across," said Laura, pointing to the cliff, where now a narrow hole, uncovered by the landslide, made itself apparent. "Perhaps that is it."

Carefully skirting the excavation, Dan and the captain gingerly made their way across to the cavity and with a wave of their hands disappeared. It was two hours before they returned, and then Dan came running out with a cry of triumph.

"It was a gold mine, not buried treasure, that the old pirate was talking about, he explained breathlessly. "It is one of the richest mines in the country."

Laura smiled into the eager face. "I knew it would come out all right," she said. "It just had to be the end of the honeymoon."

Sense of Smell.

It is said that the sense of smell is better developed in men than in women. In human beings, however, it is but slightly developed as compared with the lower animals. The reason for this becomes apparent when the structure of the skull of a dog or a cat is examined. Observing the nasal passages of either of these creatures, it is found that the so called turbinated bones are twisted and folded in a complicated fashion, so as to make a great extent of surface in a small space. The interior of the labyrinth thus formed is lined with the mucous membrane that contains the extremities of the nerves of smell. A section through the turbinated bones of a bear, which has a particularly keen sense of smell, resembles a honeycomb. In a human being the turbinated bones are poorly developed, so that the surface of mucous membrane is comparatively small. The sense of smell is particularly acute in some fishes, as the sharks. The olfactory membrane of a big shark, if spread out, would cover a dozen square feet.

A Tragedy of Niagara.

The story of Niagara is full of strange tragedies. One of the most dramatic of them is as follows: A hundred yards above the brink of the American falls a rock ten feet square projects for a foot above the water in midstream. One morning the inhabitants awoke and saw a man sitting on it. The noise of the rapids prevented verbal communication. They did not, do not and never will know how he got there. He stayed there thirty-six hours. The people telegraphed to Buffalo, and the railway company sent one excursion train after another for thirty-six hours to see the man on the rock. They painted signs and stuck them up for the man to read, saying, "We will save you." Two hundred yards above there is a bridge. From this by ropes they floated rafts with provisions to him. At the end of his stay a big raft came for him to get on. What they were going to do with him if they got him in this seething rapid is not known. He tried and failed and went over the fall, and that is all.

Tombs as Dwellings.

It is surprising to strangers to find Egyptian families occupying some of the tombs which have been excavated and abandoned. It seems uncanny to see babies playing cheerfully about the doors of the tomb houses and to watch chickens running in and out as they do at the mud dwellings. When questioned about the tombs a dragoon said that those occupied as homes had been tombs of ordinary citizens of no value as show places for tourists. As some of them have several rooms extending into the rock and as they are cool in the hottest days of summer and warm in the cool days of winter, they are altogether desirable as homes. The Egyptians do not share the horror of dead bodies felt by Europeans. Children run about with pieces of mummies, and if they cannot dispose of them to tourists they play with them. A mummified foot or hand is so common in Luxor that one may be purchased for a few cents.—Leslie's Weekly.

IN "QUALITY STREET"

Maude Adams Revives Well Known J. M. Barrie Play.

"FUNABASHI" IS PRODUCED.

A New Musical Comedy That Deals With Secretary of War Taft, by Cobb and Waters—Alice Fisher and Maude Fulton.

(From Our New York Dramatic Correspondent.)

Maude Adams has reappeared in J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street" at the Empire theater. The play is too familiar to need more than passing notice, and it is enough to say that the revival is no less enjoyable than the previous representations. The agreeable sentimental comedy, even though it now and then taxes the credulity of the audience, taps the sources of both tears and laughter.

The various characters are again competently presented, with Frederick Eric as Dr. Valentine Brown, Miss Hammer as Miss Susan Throssell and Miss Adams as the heroine, Phoebe Throssell. The personal charm of Miss Adams, which contributes so much to the effect of her acting, once more captivated her audience.

"Funabashi," at the Casino, is a musical comedy based on the flying trip of Secretary of War Taft to Europe. Irving Cobb and Safford Waters are the authors of it.

The play has some pleasing qualities, but as a whole is not a success.

The real trouble lay, however, not so much in Mr. Waters' score, which was too reminiscent, nor in Mr. Cobb's book, which was neither more nor less tiresome than the average musical comedy for chorus and show girls in New York, but in the failure of the management to make use of two genuinely clever performers, Miss Alice Fisher and Miss Maude Fulton.

Miss Fisher, whose capability for getting humor out of many samples of grudging lines has been tested often and has rarely been found wanting, was relegated to a part that made her best efforts seem pathetic.

And little Miss Fulton, a soubrette with undoubted skill in ditties and dancing, was dragged through two acts as so much dead weight only to



MAUDE ADAMS.

surprise a bored household when at the eleventh hour the authors relented and let her have a song of her own.

The encores that Miss Fulton got should be the best indication that the piece must be overhauled. Costumes and stage setting were in accord with the best Casino traditions.

Donald Brian, who played Prince Danilo to Miss Ethel Jackson's Sonia in Henry W. Savage's New York "The Merry Widow" company, made his first hit as Pierre in "The Two Orphans," which was written by Miss Jackson's father.

For his fifteenth year as a professional lecturer on travel Burton Holmes has chosen what should prove the most popular series of subjects he has ever offered to his American audiences. This season he is devoting himself to the works of men rather than to the beauties or wonders of nature. He is to bring before his fellow travelers on these "easy chair journeys" the portrayal of city life in five of the most interesting cities in the world, each noted in its peculiar way and all offering a delightful contrast, one to another—Berlin, Vienna, Paris, London and Fex, the Moorish capital. Aided by its magnificent still pictures in color and a profusion of motion pictures, also taken by him and his assistant, Oscar Bennett Deane, he will bring the scenes of these cities, the daily life, the notable personages, the busy streets, the festivals, parades and social functions, before the eyes of the stay at homes as if they were personally on the spot and looking out of a window.

ROBERT BUTLER.

Trotter Highball's New Owner.

E. S. Burke, Jr., the new owner of Highball (2:04½), is one of the most prominent members of the Cleveland Driving club and is a son-in-law of General Chisholm. He is also the owner of Morning Star (2:04½) and De Witt (2:13½) and has a half interest in Blacklock (2:04½). Several of these horses will be raced in his colors on the grand circuit the coming season.

Lee Talbot a Wrestler.

Lee Talbot, the Kansas City weight thrower, who is now at Cornell university, won the wrestling championship of the university. Talbot is getting into great shape for the hammer event next season.

HIS FIRST THOUGHT.

President McKinley's Devotion to His Invalid Wife.

In the early days of the Spanish war Mr. McKinley and Mark Hanna were engaged in a close and serious evening conference in the president's room. The time ran along to the hour of 9. Suddenly those busy in the outer room saw President McKinley rise and leave the apartment, saying, "Wait a few moments, Mark." He was gone about twenty minutes. In the meantime Senator Hanna walked restlessly between the two rooms, speaking a word or two to the secretaries and showing plainly that he shared with the president a feeling of deep anxiety as to the outcome of the military proceedings. He remarked on the fact of great shortage of supplies and from his words and bearing revealed to the assembled few in that outer room that the president and his closest advisers were lying awake nights and working to make up for the deficiencies of the military situation.

When the president returned he and Senator Hanna resumed their anxious consultation. Then the president's secretary remarked to one who was near him:

"I suppose you wonder why President McKinley got up so suddenly and left without a word to any one. You saw how anxious he was about the military situation. Even that would not cause him to break away from what has come to be the custom of his early evening."

"About the same time every night, when he hears a signal from the other side, he knows that Mrs. McKinley is ready to retire and wishes to see him. No matter how busy he may be nor how deeply engaged in any subject, he invariably drops everything on the instant and goes to their own apartments. There he sits by the bedside and reads a chapter in the Bible to Mrs. McKinley. Then he waits a few moments until she is quiet, tiptoes back to the door, comes over here to the office and without a word takes up the thread of his work and keeps it up until toward midnight."—Chicago Tribune.

FLEET ANIMALS.

The Wonderful Speed Developed by the Greyhound.

Representations of the greyhound appear upon sculptures over 3,000 years old. There is no doubt that it is one of the very oldest fixed types of dog and the most universal in its distribution. India, Arabia, Persia, are among the countries that for ages past had the greyhound. Lately there was exhibited in England a greyhound from Afghanistan—a shaggy form suited to that mountain land. Of course these dogs are not all exactly greyhounds in the western sense, but they are essentially the same in type; they are "gazehounds," long legged, light built dogs, bred to run their game by sight and not by scent and to overtake it not by wearing it down, but by sheer speed and skill of running. How this type was evolved affords much interesting speculation.

"A greyhound is probably the fastest creature that moves upon the earth," says a breeder of those animals. "It is on record that a greyhound beat the famous race horse Flying Childers. An absolute trial between horse and greyhound is difficult to bring off, because, while the horse can be ridden at top speed, it is impossible to insure that the greyhound will run 'all he can.' But a dog that can start, say, fifty yards behind a hare and overtake it within another fifty, and this is about what a greyhound does, must surely be faster than anything else that lives or has his parallel only among the birds."

The same writer says of greyhound coursing: "One used to hear that it was a 'pothouse,' not a 'gentleman's' sport. But I have heard men who follow both declare that they prefer coursing to racing, and I can quite understand it. In coursing there is the absolute certainty that all is above suspicion of anything 'shady.' Every time a dog is run he is honestly run to win or divide the stakes. You cannot 'pull' a greyhound."—Chicago News.

The New Cook's Way.

A new cook was in the kitchen, and the mistress was trying to be pleased with the way she served dinner. The salad was especially unappetizing, with large, coarse green lettuce leaves instead of the crisp, white little hearts the family was accustomed to.

"What did you do to the lettuce?" mildly inquired the lady of the house after dinner.

"Sure, I washed it all good," replied the new cook.

"But the small white part?" persisted the mistress.

"Oh, the core, ye mean. I threw it away, of course."—New York Press.

Happy Tears.

A good cry is a solace to many women. It steadies the nerves and, added to a cup of tea and an interesting story, forms their idea of supreme happiness. Arising from the perusal of their books with red eyes, swelled features and a sopping pocket handkerchief, they feel their time has not been wasted.—Lady Violet Greville in London Chronicle.

A Little Ambiguous.

She—So sorry to hear of your motor accident! Enthusiastic Motorist—Oh, thanks! It's nothing. Expect to live through many more. She—Oh, but I trust not.—London Opinion.

A person is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time.—O. W. Holmes.

CLUBWOMEN'S FROLIC

"Post Parliaments" Tell Why Woman Should Not Vote.

SHE'D NEVER BECOME OF AGE.

Could Not Join the Navy Because the Souvenir Department Would Bankrupt the Government—Jolly Members of New York Organization Satirize Mere Man.

Peals of laughter issued from the corridors of the state apartments of the Waldorf hotel in New York the other morning, coming from the newly decorated pink reception room, which was filled with well gown women, of whom those in the front row and on the platform presented a peculiar appearance, says the New York Times. All these women were decorated with big white placards suspended from bright red ribbons around their necks, which were inscribed in big black letters, "Secretary of the Treasury," "Secretary of War," "Secretary of the Interior," etc., titles of the various heads of the government. A few bore only the word "Committee." The central figure was inscribed "President."

It was the Post Parliament club of New York in its annual "frollic," which this year took the form of a cabinet meeting to consider the subject of a "department devoted to the interests of women," with a seat in the cabinet.

The president, also president of the club, Mrs. John Fowler Trow, and cabinet officers sat on the platform, while on the floor were the speaker of the house, Mrs. Charlotte Wilbour; the sergeant at arms, the smallest woman in the club; the women marked "Committee" and Mrs. Belle de Rivera.

There was a strong sentiment against women, which was voiced by the cabinet officers in turn.

"There is no reason for giving woman a vote," said the secretary of the interior. "She never would get to be twenty-one, so she couldn't vote anyway."

"We couldn't have women in the army," said the secretary of war, "for they would never get to the age when we could retire them."

"It would never do to have women have anything to do with the navy," said the secretary of the navy, "for the souvenir department would bankrupt the government."

After the last of the cabinet officers had been heard the sergeant at arms announced Mrs. de Rivera, who said, "My committee has something to say." The committee—four women properly placarded—exclaimed in chorus:

"We do not wish to think; we are the womanly women," which was received with hilarity.

"Mrs. President," began Mrs. de Rivera, "I should like to ask if there are secret service men here. I understand that the suffragists have taken to militant movements, and I do not think my life is safe."

"Do not let women vote. What will happen if we interfere with noble man, who can make 500 laws at one sitting? Do we want unskilled labor making our laws? Men make our laws, and women have only to obey them."

"We read that the greater part of the criminal class are men. Is it possible that the vote has something to do with this and that by giving it to innocent women we shall make them, too, criminals?"

"Men have decided when and where we shall wear hats, whether or not we shall smoke. Why interfere with them? It makes the brain reel to think of the possibilities if women—and love—were to enter politics."

"Women can't serve the political machine and babies too. Give women the vote, and, the first thing you know, they will have the baby using the political machine for a perambulator. There will be no homes, no marriages, nothing but bosses."

CORN LIKE CENTURIES AGO.

Ear Similar to That of Ancients Grown by Freak of Nature.

Nature forgot its centuries of education near Adel, Ia., last fall and by some strange freak produced corn as it was originally found in its wild state, says a Des Moines (Ia.) special dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. The ear of corn is the most remarkable ever shown in the corn belt. At about the middle of one side of the ear a little sprig came out, extending about four inches long.

At first glance it looks like a portion of the tassel bearing corn. But it is not a tassel. It is a head like that of any small grain, having little cups. In some of which perfect grains of corn have formed.

It is claimed this was the original form of corn by agronomists who have seen it and that with centuries of cultivation was brought to the present form of corn.

Gave a Mule to a College.

Charles Tamer of Salina, Kan., has given to the Kansas Wesleyan university, located in Salina, the best mule in his barn, valued at probably \$200, says a Salina correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. The animal will be sold at public auction on the street in Salina on Jan. 25, and as the bidding will be spirited among friends of the university the mule is expected to bring close to \$1,000.

The Good Time Coming.

When airships come into common use, says the Chicago Record-Herald, people who tell us how far it is as the crow flies will be of real service.

THE ROUNDUP COLUMN.

West Says Old Timers Are Jealous of Tommy Burns—Other Topics.

It is rather amusing to observe the antics of the former heavyweight stars in view of the remarkable success of Tommy Burns. Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey, none of whom held as many titles as has Tommy, moodily and sulkily refused to give him credit for his performances. Corbett from his dressing room sees himself outshone as a pugilistic star of the drama; Jeffries and Sharkey from behind the bars of their "boozie" establishments decry his victories. Bob Fitz-



TOMMY BURNS IN A LUNKON FOG.

simmons, at his weight the greatest fighter of them all, has said nothing. Bob is a good sport. It is fair to say that he is not jealous because a younger man has done what he could do in his youth.

"Oh, that fellow was just a dub!" said Jeffries after Burns had defeated Gunner Moir.

"The fight was of as much importance as the little bouts that are held nightly in New York," said Corbett.

"As compared with the heavyweights when Jeffries, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and myself were fighting, Burns is a fourth rater," says Sharkey.

All this talk is decidedly out of place and will not help them in the eyes of the public. These men all had their day, and now, having retired from the ring, they should not begrudge the new champion his just meed of praise. The trouble with the old fellows is that the coming of a new champion dims their renown and impairs their drawing ability. They would do well to maintain a dignified silence.

While Burns hasn't by any means proved that he is the equal of Fitzsimmons or Jeffries, it is true that he has beaten more good men than either Corbett or Sharkey. He is improving rapidly, and if he will fight on the square there is little doubt that he will soon be considered one of the best pugilists the country has produced.

"I've had many peculiar inquiries concerning that missing finger on my pitching hand," Mordecai Brown, the star twirler of the Chicago National league club, said the other morning, "but the strangest of all occurred in the south during our training trip last spring."

"One of the many recruits that President Murphy took on the trip was a twirler by the name of Purdue. He was rather an enigma to the majority of the players, who did not know whether to take his funny little sayings and doings as jokes or whether Purdue really was serious about them."

"One day while we were gathered in the hotel lobby discussing things in general and nothing in particular Purdue came over to me and said:

"'Brownie, let me see what's left of that pitching mitt of yours.'"

"I pushed out the maimed hand, and after he had examined it closely he said:

"'And do you mean to tell me that you win all your games with your hand in that shape?'"

"I confessed that I did."

"Well, I swan," he replied, 'And how did you lose the finger?'"

"I told him that I had it chopped off in a feed cutter and that the remaining three fingers were broken at the same time."

"Then he deliberately reached down into his pocket, pulled out an indelible pencil and marked a line across his pitching hand that corresponded to the cuts on mine."

"When I got home, I'm going to put my hand in a feed cutter, too," he said solemnly, 'and maybe I'll get to be a star twirler.'"

"And when we left him in Nashville the marks were still on his hand!"

Owner Dovey of the Boston National league club purchased a dozen crates of bats recently. Wonder if he had to get Barney Dreyfuss' O. K.

He—I see a college president of Aurora, Ill., has discovered that man can subsist upon peanuts.

She—If that is true, you can get your supper at the baseball park next summer, and we can keep our cool.

An inventor proposes to make a paper bat. Even if he got the necessary weight the invention would probably lack resiliency. This would be fatal. In view of the steady decline in batting, a rubber bat might be more favorably considered.

WILLIE WEST.